LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

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HUSBANDS, ANYONE?

It has been alleged that coeds go to college for the sole purpose of finding husbands. This is, of course, an infamous canard, and I give fair warning that, small and spongy as I am, anybody who says such a dastardly thing when I am around had better be prepared for a sound thrashing!

Girls go to college for precisely the same reasons as men do: to broaden their horizons, to lengthen their vistas, to drink at the fount of wisdom. But if, by pure chance, while a girl is engaged in these meritorious pursuits, a likely looking husband should pop into view, why, what's wrong with that? Eh? What's wrong with that?

The question now arises, what should a girl look for in a husband? A great deal has been written on this subject. Some say character is most important, some say background, some say appearance, some say education. All are wrong.

The most important thing—bar none—in a husband is health. Though he be handsome as Apollo and rich as Croesus, what good is he if he just lies around all day accumulating bedsores?

The very first thing to do upon meeting a man is to make sure he is sound of wind and limb. Before he has a chance to sweet-talk you, slap a thermometer in his mouth, roll back his eyelids, yank out his tongue, rap his patella, palpate his thorax, ask him to straighten out a horseshoe with his teeth. If he fails these simple tests, phone for an ambulance and go on to the next prospect.

If, however, he turns out to be physically fit, proceed to the second most important requirement in a husband. I refer to a sense of humor.

A man who can't take a joke is a man to be avoided. There are several simple tests to find out whether your prospect can take a joke or not. You can, for example, slash his tires. Or burn his "Mad" comics. Or steal his switchblade. Or turn loose his pet raccoon. Or shave his head.

After each of these good-natured pranks, laugh gaily and shout "April Fool!" If he replies, "But this is February nineteenth," or something equally churlish, cross him off your list and give thanks you found out in time.

But if he laughs silverly and calls you "Little minx!" put him to the next test. Find out whether he is kindly.

The quickest way to ascertain his kindliness is, of course, to look at the cigarette he smokes. Is it mild? Is it clement? Is it humane? Does it minister tenderly to the psyche? Does it coddle the synapses? Is it a good companion? Is it genial? Is it bright and friendly and full of dulcet pleasure from cockcrow till the heart of darkness?

Is it, in short, Philip Morris?

If Philip Morris it be, then clasp the man to your bosom with hoops of steel,

for you may be sure that he is kindly as a summer breeze, kindly as a mother's kiss, kindly to his very marrow.

And now, having found a man who is kindly and healthy and blessed with a sense of humor, the only thing that remains is to make sure he will always earn a handsome living. That, fortunately, is easy. Just enroll him in engineering.

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For filter smokers the Philip Morris Company makes Marlboro, the cigarette with better "makin's." New improved filter and good rich flavor. Soft pack or flip-top box. A lot to like!

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